HORROR

THE HAUNT OF FEAR®

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

NO. 17
FEB.

REPRINT EDITION

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! I SEE YOU'RE *HORROR-HUNGRY* AGAIN. BACK FOR MORE *SAVORY SERVINGS* OF *SCREAMS* FROM MY *CAULDRON!* WELL, *GOOD!* WELCOME TO *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* THIS IS YOUR *DELIRIUM-DIETICIAN, THE OLD WITCH,* COOKING UP ANOTHER *REVOLTING RECIPE!* READY? GOT YOUR *OROOL CUPS* FASTENED UNDER YOUR *DRIBBLING CHINS?* GOT YOUR *SHROUDS* TIED NEATLY AROUND YOUR *NECKS?* THEN I'LL BEGIN DISHING OUT THE *TERROR-TIDBIT* I CALL...

HORROR WE? HOW'S BAYOU?

THE MOSS-LADEN CYPRESS TREES THAT LINE THE RUTTED BAYOU ROAD SEEM TO PART... AND AN OLD PLANTATION HOUSE, WEATHER-BEATEN AND FADED, LOOMS UP IN THE CAR'S HEADLIGHT BEAMS! ITS COLUMNED PORTICO LEERS OMINOUSLY, LIKE SOME GIGANTIC FANGED MONSTER SQUATTING IN THE ROAD, BLOCKING THE AUTOMOBILE'S FURTHER PROGRESS! OFF IN THE DISTANCE A SWAMP BIRD SCREAMS INTO THE NIGHT, AS IF LAUGHING AT THE DRIVER'S DISCOMFORT...

BLAST IT! THIS ROAD *ENDS* HERE! BUT I'M *SURE* THAT *SIGN* BACK THERE POINTED *THIS WAY...*

GHASTLY

THE CAR DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND A YOUNG MAN STEPS OUT! HE STRIDES TOWARD THE RUN-DOWN MANSION...
THERE'S A LIGHT SHINING THROUGH ONE OF THOSE SHUTTERED WINDOWS! THAT MEANS SOMEONE'S LIVING THERE! PERHAPS THEY CAN GIVE ME DIRECTIONS...
GREY FORMS SCATTER AS THE LOST STRANGER MOUNTS THE STEPS OF THE COLUMNED PORCH...
WHEW! SWAMP RATS! UGH! HOW COULD ANYONE LIVE OUT IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN COUNTRY?
THE LARGE BRASS DOOR-KNOCKER RESOUNDS HOLLOWLY INSIDE THE ONCE GLORIOUS HOUSE! FOOTSTEPS APPROACH AND THE HEAVY OAK FRONT DOOR CREAKS OPEN...
YES?
HOW DO YOU DO? MY NAME IS FORMAN...MAX FORMAN! I MUST HAVE MADE A WRONG TURN A FEW MILES BACK...
THE DOOR OPENS WIDE, REVEALING A SMALL, SAD-EYED, MIDDLE-AGED MAN...
COME IN, MR. FORMAN COME IN! MY! I'D GONE TO BED! I'D GIVEN UP FOR TONIGHT!
GIVEN UP? I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
GIVEN UP WAITING FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU TO COME ALONG, MR. FORMAN! YOU SEE, I SWITCHED THAT SIGN DOWN THERE SO YOU'D MAKE THE TURN INTO OUR ROAD—
YOU... YOU DID THAT... ON PURPOSE! WHY?
FOR EVERETT, MR. FORMAN! EVERETT...MY BROTHER! EVERY SO OFTEN HE GETS DIFFICULT... AND I HAVE TO PROMISE HIM THINGS
BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ME?
EVERETT IS MAD, MR. FORMAN! THAT'S WHY WE LIVE OUT HERE IN THE BAYOUS! HE IS DANGEROUS HE IS A HOMICIDAL MANIAC...
BUT... WHY... WHY... ME? CHOKE

EVERETT HAS A STRONG OESIRE TO KILL, MR. FORMAN! THIS DESIRE CANNOT GO UNSATISFIED FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME! IF IT DOES... HE MAY TURN ON ME!
YOU'RE...YOU'RE JOKING! THIS IS SOME SORT OF GAG!
IF YOU WILL LOOK BEHIND TOU, YOU WILL SEE THAT THIS IS NO JOKE, MR. FORMAN!
GASP!
UH-HUHH! ...FOR EVERETT? FOR ME?
YES, EVERETT FOR YOU...
UH-HUHH! UH-HUHH!
K-KEEP AWAY...
UH-HUHH! UH-HUHH!
KEEP AWAY!
KEEP AWA-A-A EEGGGGHHHHH!
THE SCREAMING PROTESTS OF THE YOUNG MAN DIE IN A CHOKING GURGLE AS THE LUMBERING MANIAC'S VICE-LIKE FINGERS CLOSE AROUND HIS NECK...
UH-HUHH! UH-HUHH!
TAKE HIM AWAY EVERETT! TAKE HIM DOWN INTO THE CELLAR! I DON'T WANT TO SEE!
THE ELDER MAN WATCHES AS HIS YOUNGER MAD BROTHER SWINGS THE PROSTRATE FORM OF THE STRANGER OVER HIS MASSIVE SHOULDERS AND MOVES OFF THROUGH THE MUSTY OLD MANSION...
I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU DISMEMBER HIS BODY!
UH-HUHH... UH-HUHH...
3

LATER, THE DOOR TO THE OLD PLANTATION HOUSE OPENS AND THE ELDER BROTHER COMES OUT...
NOW TO GET RID OF THE CAR...
THE CAR LEAPS FORWARD WITH A LOUD GRINDING OF GEARS, DOWN AN OVERGROWN PATH, FINALLY STOPPING BEFORE A SHIMMERING YELLOW POOL...
THE QUICK-SAND POOL WILL SWALLOW UP ALL TRACES OF IT...
RELEASING THE EMERGENCY BRAKE, THE ELDER BROTHER LEAPS OUT, AND THE CAR ROLLS FORWARD INTO THE SUCKING BOG... SINKING SLOWLY FROM SIGHT! BEYOND, FROM THE MANSION, A SICKENING SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER ECHOES INTO THE BAYOU NIGHT...
POOR EVERETT. WELL, PERHAPS THIS WILL SATISFY HIM... FOR A WHILE, AT LEAST!
FINALLY THE CAR HAS DISAPPEARED BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE ROLLING QUICKSAND POOL/ THE ELDER BROTHER MOVES BACK THROUGH THE BAYOU OVERGROWTH TO THE MANSION! EVERETT STANDS IN THE OPEN DOORWAY, BREATHING HEAVILY! HIS HANDS ARE BLOTCHED RED...
I'M FINISHED SIDNEY! COME...SEE!
N-NO, THANK YOU, EVERETT! JUST PUT WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM IN THE SACK, AS USUAL
EVERETT LUMBERS OFF AND RETURNS SHORTLY AFTER, A LARGE BLOOD-STAINED SACK SWUNG OVER HIS SHOULDERS...
HE...HE WAS A DOCTOR, SIDNEY! I FOUND HIS CARD! I DON'T LIKE DOCTORS!
THROW WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM IN THE QUICKSAND POOL, EVERETT... WITH THE OTHERS!
EVERETT'S STUPID FACE BRIGHTENS! HE GRINS IDIOTICALLY...
REMEMBER THE OTHERS, SIDNEY? THE FAT SALESMAN, AND THE WOMAN...
YES, EVERETT! I REMEMBER!
GO AHEAD, NOW! IN THE QUICK-SAND POOL...
THE WOMAN WAS NICE! HER FLESH WAS SO SOFT! WHEN I CUT...
EVERETT!

EVERETT SCURRIES OFF TOWARD THE QUICKSAND POOL WITH HIS GORY CARGO! SIDNEY WATCHES HIM GO! YES! THE WOMAN! SHE WAS THE FIRST! HE REMEMBERED HER...
I'M AFRAID I'VE LOST MY WAY! COULD YOU HELP ME GET BACK TO THE THE HIGHWAY!
UH-HUHH! UH-HUHH!
EVERETT? WHO IS IT?
I BEG YOUR PARDON, MA'AM! MY BROTHER IS NOT TOO BRIGHT! COULD I HELP YOU?
I..I WANTED TO REACH HOUMA BY DARK! I MUST HAVE TURNED OFF THE MAIN ROAD
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE HOUMA TONIGHT, MA'AM! YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY THE NIGHT, THOUGH! YOU CAN START OUT FRESH IN THE MORNING!
WELL..I DON'T KNOW! I WOULDN'T WANT TO IMPOSE...
YES! THE WOMAN HAD BEEN THE FIRST! DURING THAT NIGHT, EVERETT HAD GONE TO HER ROOM AND...
EEEEEE...GGHH!
HUH? WHAT WAS THAT?
THE SCREAM HAD AWAKENED SIDNEY! HE'D RUSHED TO THE WOMAN'S ROOM...
EVERETT! CHOKE...
UH-HUHH! UH-HUHH!
SIDNEY HAD THROWN THE DISMEMBERED PARTS OF THE WOMAN'S BODY INTO THE QUICKSAND POOL! THAT HAD BEEN THE BEGINNING OF IT! AFTER THAT, EVERETT HAD GOTTEN WORSE AND WORSE! AND SIDNEY REALIZED THAT HE'D HAVE TO SUPPLY HIS MAD BROTHER WITH OTHER VICTIMS TO KEEP HIM SATISFIED...
ALL RIGHT, EVERETT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!
UH-HUHH... UH-HUHH...
SO SIDNEY'D THOUGHT OF ALTERING THE DIRECTIONAL SIGN DOWN AT THE ROAD, SO WANDERERS WOULD COME TO THE MANSION...
MY NAME'S JACKSON...ANTHONY JACKSON! I'M A TRAVELING SALESMAN! I SEEM TO HAVE GOTTEN ONTO YOUR ROAD BY MISTAKE!
COME IN, MR JACKSON! COME IN!
5

AND NOW THE DOCTOR! SIDNEY WATCHES AS EVERETT LUMBERS BACK ONTO THE PORCH CARRYING THE EMPTY SACK...
DID YOU..?
YES, SIDNEY! I.. I THREW THE PIECES IN THE POOL!
COME TO BED, EVENETT!
Y-YES...SIDNEY!
SOON, THE LIGHTS BLINK OFF ONE BY ONE IN THE RAMSHAKLE OLD PLANTATION HOUSE! SIDNEY AND HIS MAD BROTHER ARE ASLEEP! BUT DOWN IN THE BAYOU, THE QUICKSAND POOL ROLLS AND QUIVERS...
BENEATH ITS SUCKING SURFACE, THE DISMEMBERED PARTS OF THREE BODIES...A WOMAN'S, A SALESMAN'S, AND A DOCTOR'S...BUMP TOGETHER, TURNING LAZILY...MELTING...FUSING...REORGANIZING THEMSELVES... UNTIL...
...A PULPY HAND REACHES INTO THE BAYOU NIGHT...
A STRINGY-HAIRED ROTTED WOMAN'S HEAD BOBS TO THE SURFACE...
ANOTHER FOLLOWS...THE PLUMP SALESMAN'S FACE APPEARS...
...AND THEN THE RECENTLY MURDERED DOCTOR RISES.

IN HIS BEDROOM, SIDNEY STIRS UNCOMFORTABLY IN HIS SLEEP! SUDDENLY, THE DOOR TO HIS CHAMBER BURSTS OPEN AND THREE FIGURES ARE FRAMED IN IT, SWAYING UNSTEADILY...
WHO... WHO'S THERE? EVERETT? IS THAT... YOU? I THOUGHT I LOCKED YOU... IN... YOUR ..GASP.
THE FIGURES MOVE FORWARD... INTO THE LIGHT! BUT THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGELY WRONG ABOUT THE FIGURES! SIDNEY STARES IN HORROR! A WHIMPER ESCAPES FROM HIS THROAT...
NO! NO! OH, LORD...
FOR THE DISMEMBERED PARTS OF EVERETT'S THREE VICTIMS HAVE FUSED INCORRECTLY! THE WOMAN'S HEAD RESTS UPON THE SALESMAN'S TORSO...
...WHILE DOCTOR FORMAN'S HEAD RESTS UPON THE WOMAN'S TORSO...
...AND MR. JACKSON'S, THE SALESMAN'S, HEAD HAS FUSED WITH THE DOCTOR'S BODY...
THE OTHER PARTS, THE ARMS AND LEGS OF EACH, ARE EQUALLY AS CONFUSED! THE CONGLOMERATIONS MOVE FORWARD... TOWARD THE HYSTERICALLY SCREAMING SIDNEY...
CLUTCHED IN ONE OF THE MIXED-UP-FIGURE'S HANDS IS A SMALL BLACK BAG... THE KIND USED BY DOCTORS TO CARRY THEIR SHINY LITTLE SHARP INSTRUMENTS...
EEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!

LOCKED IN HIS BARRED-WINDOW ROOM, EVERETT LISTENS WITH GREAT PUZZLEMENT TO THE SHRIEKING THAT ECHOES THROUGH THE OLD HOUSE FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES...

YAAAAEEEEEEEEEEE!

FINALLY, THE SHRIEKING STOPS, AND ONLY A SOFT PITIFUL SOBBING IS HEARD! FROM THE BARRED WINDOW, EVERETT WATCHES AS THREE FIGURES TOTTER OUT OF THE MANSION...

...AND BACK INTO THE BAYOU TO THE QUICKSAND POOL...

SUDDENLY, A KEY RATTLES INTO THE LOCK OF THE HEAVY DOOR OF EVERETT'S ROOM! HE TURNS FROM THE BARRED WINDOW! *SIDNEY*, OR WHAT WAS *ONCE* SIDNEY BUT IS NOW NOTHING MORE THAN A *CONFUSED REORGANIZATION* OF *SIDNEY'S DISMEMBERED BODY*, STANDS BEFORE HIM...THE *UPSIDE-DOWN HEAD HANGING* FROM THE *LEFT HIP*, SOBBING...THE *LEFT LEG*, SEWN TO THE *LEFT SHOULDER*, CROOKED AWKWARDLY AROUND A MAKE-SHIFT CRUTCH...THE *RIGHT LEG* SWAYING FROM THE *RIGHT SHOULDER*...THE *LEFT ARM*, ERUPTING FROM THE *NECK*, GESTICULATING...AND THE *RIGHT ARM* SUPPORTING THE ENTIRE GRISLY SIGHT.

EVERETT! LOOK...WHAT THEY'VE *DONE* TO ME!

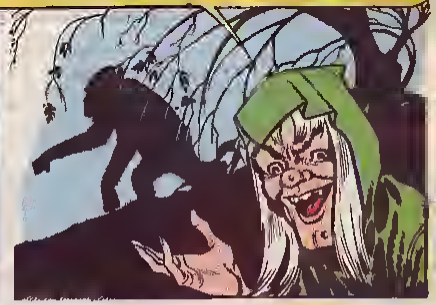
UH-H UHH... CHOKE...

HEE, HEE! YEP, KIDDIES! EVERETT'S *VICTIMS* REALLY *MESSED UP* HIS BROTHER SIDNEY! YOU MIGHT SAY THEY *GOT TOGETHER!* OF COURSE, THE *DOC* WAS A *SURGEON*, SO *HIS* HEAD *DIRECTED* THE WHOLE OPERATION! WHAT A *LAUGH*, THOUGH! HE'D HAD NO *ANAESTHETIC* IN HIS BAG! SIDNEY THOUGHT IT WAS A *SCREAM*. WHAT *HAPPENED* TO *SIDNEY* AND *EVERETT* YOU ASK? OH, *THEY'RE* STILL *DOWN THERE*, DEEP IN THE *BAYOUS* OF *LOUISIANA!* NEXT TIME YOU'RE *DRIVING* IN THAT SECTION, JUST *LOOK* FOR THEM! THAT IS...IF *THEY* DON'T LOOK FOR *YOU FIRST!* AND NOW THE *VAULT-KEEPER* AWAITS! SEE YOU *LATER*...

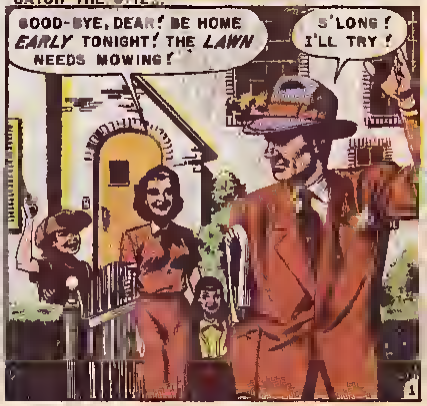
THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! GREETINGS, *BOILS* AND *GORES*! WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO *THE VAULT OF HORROR*! COME IN AND *RELAX*... ON THAT *MARBLE SLAB* OVER THERE! THIS IS YOUR *HOST* IN *HOWLS, THE VAULT-KEEPER*, READY TO RELATE ANOTHER *TERROR-TOME* FROM MY *FABULOUS COLLECTION*! I CALL THIS ONE...

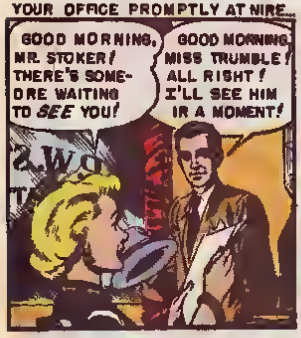
GORILLA MY DREAMS!



YOUR NAME IS PHILIP STOKER! YOU'RE THIRTY-THREE YEARS OLD... MARRIED... WITH TWO KIDS... A MORTGAGED HOME... AND EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR! THIS MORNING, AS USUAL, YOU GULPED DOWN YOUR BREAKFAST, KISSED YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN GOOD-BYE, AND RUSHED OFF TO CATCH THE 8:12...



IT WAS A MORNING LIKE EVERY OTHER MORRING FOR YOU, PHILIP STOKER! YOU HAT IR YOUR USUAL SEAT ON THE TRAIN..READ YOUR USUAL PAPER...ARO ARRIVED AT YOUR OFFICE PROMPTLY AT NIRE...

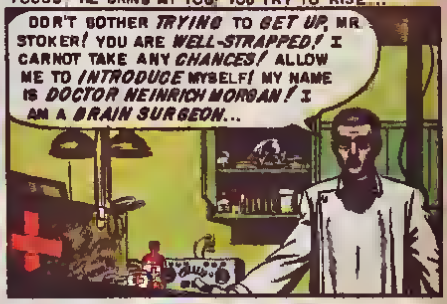


MISS TRUMBLE SHOWED THE STHANGER INTO YOUR OFFICE ARD LEFT! HE STOOD THERE, STARING AT YOU..HIS EYES GLEAM-IRG! HE NODDED HIS HEAD SEVERAL TIMES AS IF CONVINC-ING HIMSELF OF SOME SILENT SECRET...

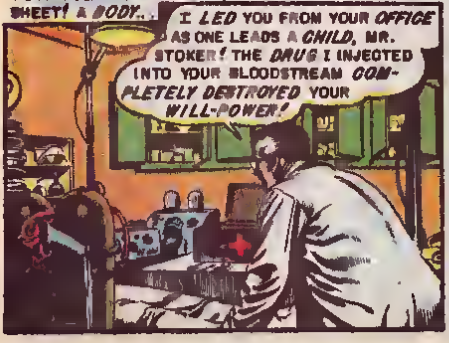
ARD THER HE SWUNG TOWARD YOU, THE REEDLE-LIKE HYPODERMIC SYRINGE GLITTERIRG! YOU CRIED OUT AS ITS POINT PIERCED YOUR SLEEVE, THE WARM FLUID EMPTYIRG INTO YOUR ARM...

THAT WAS THE LAST THIRG YOU OAN REMEMBER, PHILIP STOKER! JUST THE BLACKNESS..CLOSING IR-REACHIRG OUT ARD COVERING YOUR EYES WITH VELVET HANDN! BUT NOW, YOU ARE COMING TO! THE LIGHT OVERHEAD BLIRDS YOU! YOU HAVE AR UNBEAR-ASLE THROBBINN PAIR IN YOUR HEAD! HE... THAT STRANGER..BENDS OVER YOU..

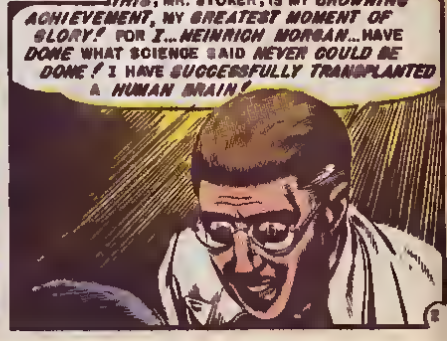
THE COBWEBN DULLINN YOUR VINIOR ARE SWEPT AWAY! THE BLURRED FADE BEFORE YOU OOMES INTO FOCUS! HE BRINS AT YOU! YOU TRY TO RISE...



YOU LOOK ARDURD! YOU ARE IR SOME SORT OF LABOR-ATORY! [illegible] INTRICATE EQUIPMENT! NEARBY, A FORM LIES MOTIONLESS ON A TABLE,COVERED WITH A WHITE SHEET! A *BODY*...



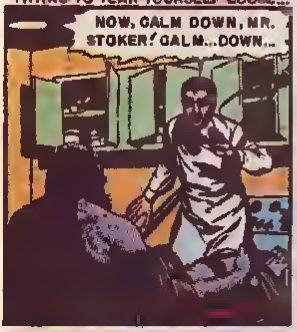
YOU TRY TO SPEAK! THE THRONNING IR YOUR BRAIN [illegible] BUT ONLY A LOW,CHOKING GROWL ERUPTS FROM YOUR THROAT... *THIS*, MR. STOKER, IS MY *CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT*, MY *GREATEST MOMENT OF GLORY!* FOR *I*...*HEINRICH MORGAN*...HAVE *DONE* WHAT SCIENCE SAID *NEVER COULD BE DONE!* I HAVE *SUCCESSFULLY TRANSPLANTED A HUMAN BRAIN!*



A GOLD KNIFE-BLADE OF FEAR SLICES DOWN YOUR SPINE, PHILIP STOKER! YOU GLANCE, TERRIFIED, AT THE COVERED BODY LYING MOTIONLESS BESIDE YOU! DOCTOR MORGAN FOLLOWS YOUR GLANCE, REACHES OVER, AND FLINGS BACK THE WHITE SHEET...

THE LABORATORY IS FILLED WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM... AN INHUMAN SCREAM... WILD AND ANIMAL-LIKE... A SCREAM THAT YOU YOURSELF, PHILIP STOKER, HAVE JUST UTTERED...

"NO!" YOU WANT TO SCREAM! *"NO!"* BUT ONLY THAT ANIMAL-LIKE HOWL EXPLODES FROM YOUR THROAT! YOU TUG AND STRAIN AT THE STRAPS THAT HOLD YOU... TRYING TO TEAR YOURSELF LOOSE...



SUDDENLY, LIKE SO MANY BANDS OF TISSUE PAPER, THE STRAPS PART...

THE MAD DOCTOR BEFORE YOU SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR... GASPING...

HE TWISTS GROTESQUELY IN PAIN... STIFFENS... THEN IS STILL! YOU BEND OVER HIM, AWKWARDLY... FINALLY FALLING TO YOUR KNEES AND PLACING YOUR EAR TO HIS CHEST...

YOU STAND UP... SWAYING UNSTEADILY! YOU LOOK AROUND, PANIC-STRICKEN! YOUR GLANCE FALLS ON THE PARTIALLY COVERED COLD WHITE CORPSE ON THE OPERATING TABLE... *YOUR CORPSE!* YOU STUMBLE TOWARD IT, MOANING! YOU THROW YOURSELF ACROSS ITS CHEST, SOBBING LIKE A BABY...

FINALLY, YOU BACK AWAY FROM YOUR BODY, STARING DOWN AT ITS CHALK-WHITE FACE...

NO! *NO!* THIS IS SOME SORT OF *HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE!* I'LL *AWAKEN* SOON... AND EVERYTHING WILL BE *ALL RIGHT!*

NO, PHILIP STOKER! THIS IS *NO HORRENDOUS NIGHTMARE!* THE STINGING PAIN OF THE *HEEDLE* TELLS YOU THAT...

OOOOWWW!

THE NEEDLE IS *REAL*, PHILIP! THE *LABORATORY* IS REAL! THE *DOCTOR*, YOUR *BODY* YOU *EVERYTHING* IS *REAL!* LOOK INTO THE *MIRROR*, PHILIP STOKER! SEE FOR *YOURSELF*...

OH, LORD! I...I AM *A GORILLA!*

Seniaq

HYSTERIA TAKES HOLD OF YOU THE SUDDEN, SCREAMING HYSTERIA OF HELPLESSNESS! YOU STUMBLE TO YOUR BODY—TO THE BODY OF PHILIP S[illegible]

GOT TO GET *HELP!* GOT TO GET MY *BRAIN PUT BACK WHERE IT BELONGS!* GOT TO...

...AND THEN YOU'RE RUSHING HEADLONG DOWN A LONELY, DANK COUNTRY ROAD...CARRYING YOUR DEAD BODY IN YOUR ARMS...SHOUTING FOR HELP! ONLY YOUR SHOUTS ECHO INTO THE NIGHT AS DISMAL FRIGHTENING HOWLS...

AAARRRRRRRRRROH!

FINALLY YOU STOP RUNNING! YOU STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, GASPING FOR BREATH... GROWLING! WHERE ARE YOU *GOING*, PHILIP STOKER? WHAT CAN YOU *ACCOMPLISH?* CAN YOU *TALK?* CAN YOU *TELL* ANYONE WHAT HAS *HAPPENED* TO YOU? *WAIT*, PHILIP! *THINK!* LOOK! A *CAR* IS COMING! SEE THE HEADLINE BEAMS READING INTO THE BLACKNESS AHEAD OF YOU—DOWN THE ROAD...

THE CAR'S BRAKES SQUEAL SHRILLY AS IT SKIDS TO A STOP BEFORE YOU! A *POLICE CAR!* YOU CAN HEAR THE OCCUPANTS' ANXIOUS VOICES...

HOLY COW, HANK! IT'S THAT *MISSING GORILLA!*

IT'S *KILLED* SOMEBODY! LET'S *GET* IT.

THEY'RE LEAPING FROM THE CAR, PHILIP! THEY'VE DRAWN THEIR GUNS! RUN! *RUN! DROP* YOUR BODY AND *RUN!* THEY'RE *SHOOTING* AT YOU...

HE'S HEADIN' INTO THE *WOODS! AFTER HIM!*

A *MISSING GORILLA!* THEY *THINK* YOU'RE A *MISSING GORILLA!* DIDN'T YOU *READ* ABOUT THAT, PHILIP? DIDN'T YOU READ ABOUT IT IN THE *NEWSPAPERS* THE OTHER NIGHT?...

OH, LORD! THAT'S *RIGHT!* A GORILLA WAS MISSING FROM A *CIRCUS* PLAYING UPSTATE! THAT CRAZY DOCTOR MUST'VE *STOLEN* HIM!

AND NOW *YOU'RE* THAT GORILLA, PHILIP! YOUR BRAIN IS IN ITS BODY! AND IF YOU'RE NOT CARE-

NO USE IN CHASIN' HIM ANY FURTHER! IT'S TOO DARK *IN HERE!*

YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S GET BACK TO THE ROAD AND SEE ABOUT THAT *POOR GUY* HE GOT!

YOU WATCH THEM BACKTRACK OUT TO THE ROAD AGAIN! YOU PAD AFTER THEM, HIDE BEHIND A BUSH,

WHAT'S HIS *NAME?*

THIS IDENTIFICATION CARD IN HIS WALLET SAYS '*PHILIP STOKER*... 195 ELM AVENUE...'

GLORIA... YOUR *WIFE!* THEY'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH HER! THEY'LL TELL HER *YOU'RE DEAD*...

... AND THE *KIDS!* THEY'LL... THEY'LL *MOURN* FOR ME! BUT I'M *NOT* DEAD! I'M... I'M *ALIVE*... *ALIVE!*

ARE YOU ALIVE, PHILIP STOKER? *ARE YOU...?*

GLORIA! I'VE GOT TO LET HER *KNOW*... *SOMEHOW*...

YOU WATCH AS THEY LIFT THE BODY AND PLACE IT IN THE PATROL CAR! AS SOON AS THEY ARE OUT OF SIGHT, YOU START OFF THROUGH THE WOODS...

GOT TO GET HOME! GOT TO GET HOME!

AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS OF CUTTING CROSS-COUNTRY, DUCKING INTO DEEP SHADOWS, AND SCALING FENCES, YOU REACH YOUR SUBURBAN HOME...
THERE'S...THERE'S A LIGHT ON!
YOU SLIP AROUND TO THE BACK AND PEER THROUGH THE WINDOW! INSIDE, GLORIA SITS SOBBING IN A CHAIR! THE CHILDREN ARE THERE...AND GLORIA'S MOTHER AND FATHER ARE COMFORTING THEM...
I'M...I'M TOO LATE! THEY'VE TOLD HER ALREADY!
WHAT CAN YOU DO NOW, PHILIP? YOU CANNOT TALK! EACH WORD COMES OUT AN APE-LIKE GROWL...
WRITE! I'LL WRITE A NOTE! PAPER..PENCIL...
IN THE CAR, THERE'S A PENCIL AND A PAD IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT! YOU KEPT IN THERE TO RECORD GAS EXPENSES! YOU SLIP INTO THE GARAGE
I'LL TELL HER EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED! I'LL...I'LL...
AND THEN YOU LOOK INTO THE CAR MIRROR! YOU LOOK AT YOUR HAIRY GORILLA FACE... THE RED, BEADY EYES... THE FANGED, CRUELLY-DRAWN MOUTH...
BUT...BUT WHAT GOOD WOULD IT DO? WHAT COULD THEY DO FOR ME?
THAT'S RIGHT, PHILIP! WHAT COULD THEY DO FOR YOU? YOUR HUMAN BODY LIES IN A FUNERAL PARLOR, MIXED WITH RIGHT MONTH'S DOCTOR HENRICH MORGAN LIES DEAD ON HIS LABORATORY FLOOR...
I...I COULDN'T EXPECT HER TO...TO TAKE ME AS I AM!
AND SO, SADLY, YOU SLIP THE PENCIL AND PAPER BACK IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT AND YOU PAD OUT OF THE GARAGE...
THERE'S...THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!

AND SO, AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE CIRCUS GROUNDS, YOU SLIDE THE BOLT OF THE EMPTY GORILLA CAGE OPEN AND YOU CLIMB IN...

SOON, THE CIRCUS ANIMAL-KEEPER BEGINS TO MAKE HIS ROUNDS! SUDDENLY, HE SEES YOU...

WELL, I'LL BE..? HEY! MARKO! STUMPY! LOOK! THE GORILLA'S BACK!

ALL DAY LONG, AS THE CIRCUS MOVES FROM TOWN TO TOWN, YOU SIT CROUCHED IN YOUR CAGE, STARING OUT AT THE HUMAN BEINGS WHO GROW: BEFORE YOU...

THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE ONE THAT ESCAPED!

KILLED A MAN! THAT'S WHAT HE DID!

AND THEN, ONE DAY, YOU SEE THEM... GLORIA... AND THE KIDS... MOVING THROUGH THE CIRCUS MENAGERIE...

THERE HE IS, MOMMY! THERE HE IS!

IS HE THE ONE, MOMMY? IS HE THE ONE THAT KILLED DADDY?

I...I THINK SO...

SEE CONGO FEROCIOUS

THEY LOOK UP AT YOU... YOUR CHILDREN! THEY LOOK UP AT YOU WITH ANGRY FACES...

WE HATE YOU!

HATE YOU! HATE YOU!

COME AWAY... SON CHILDREN!

FOR A LONG MOMENT, GLORIA STARES AT YOU... STARES INTO YOUR BEADY EYES! A FLICKER OF RECOGNITION SEEMS TO BRIGHTEN HER PALE AND DRAWN FACE! BUT SUDDENLY, IT IS GONE! SHE TURNS AWAY! YOU CLUTCH THE BARS OF YOUR CAGE, DRAW YOUR BLACK LIPS BACK REVEALING YOUR CRUEL YELLOWED FANGS, AND YOU SHRIEK...

GEEEAAAAAAAGGGH!

IT IS A SHRIEK OF UTTER RESIGNATION, PHILIP STOKER! A SHRIEK OF SURRENDER! THE BODY HAS WON! YOU ARE A GORILLA...

HEH, HEH! ANYBODY CARE FOR A BAHANA? THAT'S THE FRUIT WITH APPEAL! APE APPEAL! BY THE WAY! NEXT TIME YOU SEE A CAGED GORILLA, BE KIND TO HIM, EH? HE MAY BE... PHILIP! AND NOW, FIENDS, I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE OLD WITCH! SHE'S STANDING THERE ANXIOUSLY STIRRING THAT SLOP-POT OF HERS! PHEW! BYE!

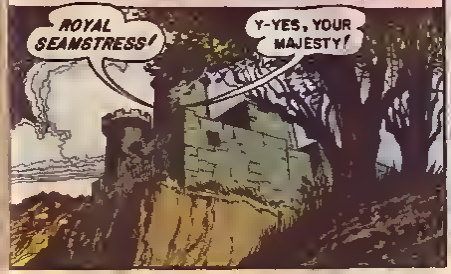
THE END

THE OLD WITCH'S GRIM FAIRY TALE!

HEE, HEE! AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER *TERROR TALE FOR TINY TYKES*... ANOTHER *CHILDISH CHILLER!* I *CALL* THIS ONE...

A LIKELY STORY!

ONCE UPON A TIME . LONG, LONG AGO... THERE WAS A TINY KINGDOM WHICH WAS RULED BY A CRANKY OLD QUEEN. ONCE UPON A TIME THERE HAD BEEN AN OLD *KING, TOO,* BUT *HE'D* BEEN LAID TO REST BEFORE OUR STORY TOOK PLACE ...DRIVEN TO HIS GRAVE BY THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN'S CONSTANT NAGGING AND SCOLDING. SO NOW THE KINGDOM WAS RULED BY THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN ALL BY HERSELF...



NATURALLY, THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN'S PALACE STAFF DESPISED HER. ALL SHE EVER DID WAS YELL AT THEM AND COMPLAIN. SHE WAS NEVER SATISFIED WITH ANYTHING THEY DID. LIKE THE POOR SEAMSTRESS, FOR EXAMPLE...
WHAT? YOU CALL THIS FINISHED?! LOOK HOW IT FITS ME... HERE... AND HERE! IT'S TERRIBLE... TERRIBLE!
I... I'LL TRY TO FIX IT, YOUR MAJESTY.
TRY TO FIX IT? YOU'D BETTER FIX IT, OR I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN INTO THE SLIMIEST, CRAWLIEST DUNGEON I HAVE.
Y-YES, YOUR MAJESTY. H-HOLD STILL, YOUR MAJESTY, WHILE I PIN IT UP...
BUT OF COURSE IT WAS VERY DIFFICULT FOR THE POOR NERVOUS SEAMSTRESS TO PIN UP THE QUEEN'S GOWN CORRECTLY WHILE THE OLD NAG WAS YELLING AT HER, THREATENING HER, INSULTING HER...
AND THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, YOU CLUMSY STUPID NEEDLE-PUSHER! IF MY NEXT FITTING ISN'T MY LAST... I'LL... I'LL...
Y-YES, YOUR MAJESTY! PLEASE! HOLD STILL SO I CAN PIN...
OF COURSE, I COULD END THIS GRIM FAIRY TALE BY TELLING YOU THAT ONE DAY, IN A FIT OF TEMPER, THE POOR CHASTISED SEAMSTRESS FINALLY SNAGGED THE OLD CRAB AND SEWED HER MOUTH SHUT...
AND THEN STOOD HER ON THE FITTING STAND...
AND STUCK PINS IN HER UNTIL THE CRANKY OLD BAG WENT OUT OF HER MIND...
...BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT HAPPENED! THE POOR SEAMSTRESS DIDN'T HAVE THE COURAGE! ALL SHE COULD DO WAS LISTEN TO THE QUEEN'S RAVINGS... AND DREAM ABOUT DOING THOSE THINGS...
...AND YOU'D BETTER SEE TO IT THAT... THAT... ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
HUH? OH... YES, YOUR MAJESTY!

THEN THERE WAS THE ROYAL INTERIOR DECORATOR. SHE TOO WAS CONSTANTLY BEING CRITICISED AND SCOLDED AND THREATENED BY THE CRANKY QUEEN...

ROYAL INTERIOR DECORATOR!

Y-YES YOUR MAJESTY.

WHAT DID I *TELL* YOU ABOUT THAT *BARE WALL* THERE? I *TOLD* YOU I WANTED SOMETHING *ON* IT... *ANYTHING*... TO BREAK UP THAT BARE MONOTONY!

Y-YES, YOUR MAJESTY. I... I'D LIKE TO *SHOW* YOU A FEW THINGS... IF YOU HAVE THE *TIME!*

I THOUGHT... PERHAPS... THIS TAPESTRY...

BAH! UGLY! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY *IMAGINATION?*

THIS ORIENTAL RUG...

TERRIBLE!

PERHAPS... PERHAPS...

WELL? WELL? COME, COME! SAY IT! SAY IT! I HAVEN'T ALL DAY!

OF COURSE, I COULD *END* THIS GRIM FAIRY TALE RIGHT HERE BY TELLING YOU THAT ONE DAY, IN A FIT OF TEMPER, THE POOR CHASTISED INTERIOR DECORATOR GRABBED THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN AND *HUNG* HER ON THAT BARE CASTLE WALL...

BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT HAPPENED. THE POOR GIRL DIDN'T HAVE THE COURAGE! ALL SHE COULD DO WAS LISTEN TO THE QUEEN'S RAVINGS... AND *DREAM* ABOUT DOING IT...

WELL? WELL? PERHAPS *WHAT?*

ER... AH... PERHAPS A *PAINTING*, YOUR MAJESTY! A PAINTING OF... OF... OF *YOU! A PORTRAIT!*

A PORTRAIT? OF ME? HMMMM!
THE ROYAL ARTIST COULD...
WE'LL SEE! WE'LL SEE!
Y-YES, YOUR MAJESTY.
ROYAL ARTIST!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY?
I WANT YOU TO PAINT A PORTRAIT OF ME!
Y-YES, YOUR MAJESTY SIT DOWN, YOUR MAJESTY.
AND IT'D BETTER LOOK LIKE ME IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!
OF...COURSE, YOUR MAJESTY! OF COURSE...
AND SO, THE CRANKY QUEEN BEGAN TO SIT FOR HER PORTRAIT. EVERY DAY SHE SAT AND NAGGED THE ROYAL ARTIST, THREATENING HIM, WHILE HE TRIED TO PAINT HER LIKENESS. FINALLY...
I'M FINISHED, YOUR MAJESTY!
HMMPH! IT'S ABOUT TIME! LET'S SEE...
IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ME! I LOOK TOO OLD! DO THE FACE OVER...
BUT... YOUR MAJESTY...

SO THE ROYAL ARTIST PAINTED THE FACE OVER...
STILL DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ME! TOO YOUNG! DO IT OVER...
Y..YES, YOUR MAJESTY!
ONCE AGAIN, THE ROYAL ARTIST REPAINTED THE PORTRAIT
HOPE! TOO STERN LOOKING! CAN'T YOU GET IT TO LOOK LIKE ME?
IT.. IT'S DIFFICULT WHEN..YOU..I. I'LL DO IT OVER, YOUR MAJESTY!
FOR THE FOURTH TIME, THE QUEEN'S PORTRAIT WAS REPAINTED...
AND IT'D BETTER LOOK LIKE ME THIS TIME OR ELSE I'LL HAVE YOUR FINGERS BURNED IN OIL!
GULP! YES, YOUR MAJESTY!
AND FOR THE FOURTH TIME, WHEN THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN LOOKED AT THE FINISHED PORTRAIT, SHE RAVED...
IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ME! CAN'T YOU GET IT TO LOOK LIKE ME?
THERE IS A WAY, YOUR MAJESTY!
THE ROYAL ARTIST LOOKED AT THE QUEEN WITH WIDE STARING EYES...
THERE'S ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE IT LOOKS LIKE YOU, YOUR MAJESTY!
EH? ER... ROYAL ARTIST..
AND AS HE MOVED TOWARD HER, DROOLING, THE ROYAL ARTIST PICKED UP A LARGE AXE...
ROYAL ARTIST! PUT DOWN THAT AXE!
THIS TIME...EH..EH... THE PORTRAIT WILL LOOK LIKE YOU, YOUR MAJESTY...
... AND BROUGHT IT DOWN ON THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN'S HEAD WITH ALL HIS MIGHT...
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE...GHHH!
5

OF COURSE, THE ROYAL SEAMSTRESS HAD A SEWING JOB TO DO ON THE ROYAL ARTIST'S CANVAS...
ALMOST FINISHED, ROYAL SEAMSTRESS?
TUM-TE-TUM. ALMOST, ROYAL ARTIST!
AND THE ROYAL INTERIOR DECORATOR FRAMED THE ROYAL ARTIST'S CANVAS WITH GREAT CARE...
ALMOST FINISHED, ROYAL INTERIOR DECORATOR?
ALMOST...
AND THE ENTIRE HARASSED AND RAGGED STAFF OF THE CRANKY QUEEN'S CASTLE CHEERED AS THE PORTRAIT WAS HUNG ON THAT BARE WALL...
GOOD SEWING JOB, ROYAL SEAMSTRESS!
THE PERFECT THING FOR THAT SPOT, ROYAL DECORATOR...
AMAZING LIKENESS, ROYAL ARTIST!
INDEED, THE ROYAL ARTIST'S PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN WAS AN AMAZING LIKENESS. AND WHY SHOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN? HALF THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN'S HEAD HAD BEEN NEATLY SEWN TO THE CANVAS...
HEE, HEE! AND THE ROYAL SEAMSTRESS, AND THE ROYAL DECORATOR, AND THE ROYAL ARTIST DIDN'T GET A SINGLE COMPLAINT ABOUT THEIR WORK THIS TIME, KIDDIES! NOT ONE WORD! WELL...HEE, HEE...NATURALLY! THE QUEEN WAS IN NO POSITION TO OBJECT. SHE'D ALREADY LOST FACE! SO AFTER THAT, AS IN ALL FAIRY TALES, EVEN ODD ONES, EVERYBODY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER! AND NOW, THE CRYPT-KEEPER AWAITS WITH A TENDER LITTLE TALE OF ROSES AND REVELRY AND REVULSION! 'BYE, NOW!

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! SO NOW, IT'S YOUR *CRYPT-KEEPER'S* TURN TO *AMUSE* YOU, EH? WELL, DON'T JUST *STAND* THERE! CRAWL INTO *THE CRYPT OF TERROR!* SIT DOWN ON THAT BAG OF *CHARCOAL* AND I'LL TELL YOU A *WARMING* LITTLE TALE, ALL *FLOWERY* WITH *FETID STENCHES*, THAT I AFFECTIONATELY CALL...

GARDEN PARTY!

LOUELLA AND GODFREY HICKS HAD BEEN MARRIED FOR ALMOST EIGHT YEARS! UNFORTUNATELY, LOUELLA, WHO LOVED CHILDREN DEARLY, HAD NEVER BEEN BLESSED WITH ANY... AND SO SHE'D BEEN FORCED TO FIND OTHER INTERESTS WITH WHICH TO BUSY HERSELF DURING THE LONG HOURS WHEN GODFREY WAS AWAY AT THE OFFICE! IN THEIR FIFTH YEAR OF MARRIAGE, LOUELLA HAD CONVINCED GODFREY TO BUY A SMALL HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS, AND HE'D CONSENTED...

YES! FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS, LOUELLA HAD DEVOTED ALL OF HER ENERGIES AND AFFECTIONS TO THE CULTIVATION OF THE PICTURESQUE FLOWER GARDEN AND LUSH GREEN LAWN THAT SURROUNDED THEIR SMALL SUBURBAN HOME...
I...WAS ONLY TRYING TO SEE IF IT SMELLED PRETTY, LOUELLA!
WELL, KEEP AWAY FROM THE FLOWERS, GODFREY! YOU'LL WILT THEM...
IN FACT, LOUELLA WAS ALMOST FANATIC ABOUT THE CONDITION OF HER GARDEN! EVERY DAY SHE WAS OUT IN IT, WEEDING THE YARDS AND YARDS OF FLOWER BEDS...PLANTING...TRANSPLANTING...SEEDING THE LAWN...MOWING THE LAWN...RAKING THE LAWN...
GODFREY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M BRINGING THIS FOLDING CHAIR OUT THERE! THINK I'LL TAKE A NAP IN THE SUN...
YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING! THAT CHAIR WILL SMOTHER THE GRASS! DO YOU THINK I'VE WORKED AND SLAVED ON THIS LAWN JUST FOR YOU TO RUIN IT?
ALL I WANT TO DO IS SIT DOWN AND TAKE A LITTLE NAP OUT HERE, LOUELLA!
WELL, YOU JUST TAKE THAT CHAIR RIGHT BACK ON THE PORCH! IF YOU WANT TO SLEEP, WE HAVE A BED-ROOM FOR THAT PURPOSE!
HONESTLY, LOUELLA! WHAT GOOD'S A LAWN IF YOU CAN'T ENJOY IT?
YOU CAN ENJOY IT BY LOOKING AT IT! YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIE ALL OVER IT!
A GUY GETS ONE DAY OFF A WEEK AND HE CAN'T EVEN STRETCH OUT ON HIS OWN LAWN.. GRUMBLE GRUMBLE.
GODFREY!
OOOPS!
MY PRIZE PETUNIA! YOU STUPID, CLUMSY IDIOT! YOU STUPID, DUMSY...
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, LOUELLA! AN ACCIDENT!
2

YES! LOUELLA WAS ALMOST FANATIC ABOUT HER GARDEN! AND GODFREY WAS MISERABLE BECAUSE OF IT! ONE DAY...
NOW WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M HANGING UP A HAMMOCK! A HAMMOCK WON'T SMOTHER YOUR DARN OL' GRASS! I'M HANGING IT BETWEEN THESE TWO TREES... SEE? UP HIGH...OFF THE GRASS...
STOP IT! STOP IT! YOU CAN'T DRIVE A NAIL INTO THAT TREE! YOU'RE LIABLE TO KILL IT!
WHAT? THIS LITTLE NAIL WILL KILL A TREE THAT BIG...?
GODFREY HOOK! IF YOU DRIVE THAT NAIL INTO THAT TREE...
OKAY, LOUELLA! OKAY!
I'LL HANG IT UP WITH ROPES!
YOU WON'T HANG IT UP AT ALL! I WON'T HAVE IT SPOILING THE LOOKS OF MY GARDEN!
WHAT DO I CARE WHAT YOUR BLASTED GARDEN LOOKS LIKE? BESIDES, WHO SEES IT, ANYWAY?
WELL, YOU COULD INVITE SOME OF YOUR OFFICE FRIENDS OVER...
...AND I COULD SNOW IT TO THEM! OF COURSE, THEY'D HAVE TO BE CAREFUL...
THE BOYS AT THE OFFICE, EH...?
... AND THEIR WIVES, OF COURSE! THEIR WIVES WOULD BE INTERESTED, I THINK!
OH—THE BOYS WOULD BE INTERESTED, LOUELLA! VERY INTERESTED, YEAH! I'LL INVITE THEM... FOR NEXT SATURDAY!

THAT FRIDAY NIGHT
WELL, LOUELLA DEAR! I'VE INVITED A FEW PEOPLE FOR TOMORROW!
I HOPE YOU TOLD THEM ABOUT MY GAROEN, GODFREY! I MEAN...
OH, I TOLD THEM ALL ABOUT IT!
...AND YOU DIDN'T INVITE TOO MANY, DID YOU, GODFREY?
NO, DEAR! NOT MANY! JUST TEN OR TWELVE...
TEN OR TWELVE!
COUPLES!
GODFREY! TEN OR TWELVE COUPLES!
OH, DEAR! OH... DEAR...
FOR DINNER!
FOR DINNER! GODFREY! YOU DIDN'T! DO YOU REALIZE HOW MUCH WORK IT IS TO MAKE DINNER FOR TEN OR TWELVE COUPLES?
OH, YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO A THING, LOUELLA DEAR! I BOUGHT SOMETHING THAT WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING! IT'S OUT IN THE CAR!
SOMETHING THAT WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
GODFREY WENT OUT TO THE CAR AND BROUGHT BACK A HUGE DARTON! HE BEGAN TO UNWRAP HIS MYSTERIOUS PURCHASE...
WHAT... WHAT IS IT?
IT'S AN OUTDOOR BARBECUE, LOUELLA! I INVITED EVERYBODY TO A BARBEQUE... IN THE GAROEN!
4

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, THE INVITED GUESTS BEGAN TO ARRIVE! LOUELLA WAS WHITE AS A GHOST WITH NERVOUSNESS! GODFREY GREETED THEM CHEE...FULLY...
HI, ED...MOLLY! C'MON 'ROUND THE BACK! IZ AND EDITH ARE HERE ALREADY!
P-PLEASE BE CAREFUL OF THE ROSE BUSHES, FOLKS!
LOUELLA'S PROUD GARDEN WAS QUICKLY JAMMED WITH SHOUTING LAUGHING PEOPLE...
HEY, STEVEY! OVER HERE!
C'MON GODFREY! BRING ON THE FOOD!
LET'S HAVE SOME DRINKS FIRST, GODFREY BOY!
THEY THRONGED ABOUT, MACHING DOWN THE LUSH GREEN LAWN...
WE'RE OUT OF ICE, GODFREY, OL' KID!
IN THE KITCHEN, PHIL! THERE'S TWO MORE TRAYS!
NOT A CLOUD INNA SKY! WHATTA DAY!
MY SNAPDRAGONS! PLEASE...
SMOKE BILLOWED UP FROM THE BARBECUE...
LOOK OUT, STUPID! YUH DUMPED THE CHARCOAL!
MAKE MINE WELL DONE, GODFREY!
LOOKA ME! I'M A GAZELLE!
STOP! MY LILACS!
EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY! EVERYBODY BUT LOUELLA...
HOO-HAH! HOT!
THISH BOTTLE'S EMPTY!
MORE... INNA CELLAR!
HISHE PLASHE YUH GOT HERE, GODFREY, 'OL BOY 'OL BOY!
ORCHIDS... TO THE HOSTESS WITH THE MOSHTESH...
MY PRIZE PETUNIAS! OHOKE...
LOOK, EV'Y'B'DY! I BRUNG MY PORTABLE PHOHO...HIC... PHOHA...HIC... VICTROLA!
LESH DANCE!
6

TINNY MUSIC DRIFTED ACROSS LOUELLA'S TRAMPLED LAWN...
OKAY, FOLKS! COME AND GET IT!
ONE SIDE!
CHOW!
OOPS!
CLUMSY! YUH DROPPED THE MUSTARD BOTTLE!
ALL OVER MY CARNATIONS!
MMMM! DELICIOUS, GODFREY!
I'LL TAKE SECONDS!
ANYBODY ELSE...
THE BARBECUE LAWN PARTY RAVED ON AND ON. UNTIL...
THAT'S THE LAST OF THE FRANKS AND BEANS, FOLKS!
C'MON, MOLLY! LESH GO!
'SCUSE ME, LOUELLA! KIN I TAKE A BOUQUET HOME FOR MY MOTHER?
WHY, I I...
THISN'LL BE FINE!
SHAY! THAT'S PRETTY! OUT ME SOME, EDITH!
WAIT! I...I...
C'MON, MOLLY HUN?
WELL! S'LONG, GODFREY! EVERYTHING WASH SHWELL!
G'BYE, LOUELLA! THANKSH!
AW! C'MON, MOLLY!
AND THEN THEY WERE GONE, AND A DREADFUL SILENCE FELL UPON LOUELLA'S BATTERED AND MASHED, UPTURNED AND UPROOTED, CUT AND BROKEN PRIZE GARDEN...
ONOKE...
DUM..DE.. DUN...DE... DUN...

SUDDENLY, POOR LOUELLA'S EYES FILLED WITH TEARS! SHE FAIRLY SHRIEKED...
MY..MY..SOB... GARDEN!
GODFREY GRINNED SARCASTICALLY AT HER..
THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE ENJOYED THIS PANSY-PLOT SINCE WE MOVED IN!
L-LOOK... LOOK AT IT! RUINED! RUINED!
LOUELLA STARED AT GODFREY WITH WILD, RED EYES..
THAT'S WHAT A GARDEN'S FOR! TO ENJOY IT! LIKE... LIKE BARBECUING IN IT!
YES... BARBECUING!
SHE MOVED TOWARD HIM, WHIMPERING! AS SHE PASSED THE BARBECUE WITH THE RED HOT COALS STILL GLOWING IN IT, LOUELLA PICKED UP THE CARVING KNIFE..
...BARBECUING IN IT! YES...
LOUELLA!
LOUELLA!
WHEN THEY CAME TO INVESTIGATE THE BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS THAT HAD EMANATED FROM THE RUINED GARDEN, THEY FOUND LOUELLA.. THE APRON TIED AROUND HER HEAVING BODY, THE CHEF'S HAT TILTED CRAZILY ON HER PERSPIRING FACE.. BUSILY TURNING RICHLY BROWNED ODD SHAPES ON THE BARBECUE RACK! AND SHE WAS MUTTERING SOFTLY
YES! YES! THAT'S WHAT A GARDEN'S FOR! TO BARBECUE IN IT... EH- EH- EH
HEH, HEH! THAT'S MY YARN, YELP-FIENDS! GODFREY WAS DONE UP BROWN! WELL, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE'S A REGULAR CUT-UP! AS FOR LOUELLA... WELL, SHE'S IN A PADDED CELL NOW! SHE KEEPS STICKING ORANGE PITS INTO THE WALLS... AND SHE WATERS THEM REGULARLY... BUT NOTHING COMES UP! NOTHING EXCEPT HER DINNER
EVERY TIME THEY SERVE HER BROILED FOOD! HEH, HEH! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN MY MAG, TALES FROM THE CRYPT! BYE, NOW!

The
Old Witch